

NO.
45

PEP



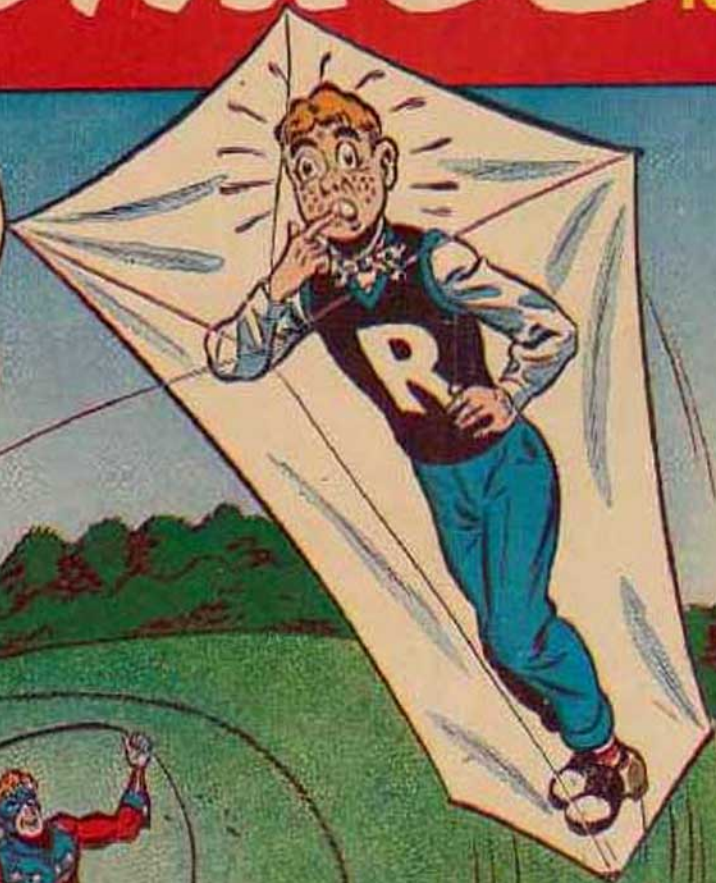
The SHIELD

JAN.

COMICS

10¢

Archie
SURE IS
FLYING
HIGH
!!



AN
MLJ
MAGAZINE



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

THE ORIGINAL
SHIELD
AND
DUSTY
the BOY DETECTIVE

IN
MURDER
ON
PARADE



WHAT WAS THE HORROR THAT TURNED A PLAYFUL APE INTO A MAN-KILLER? THAT MADE HARMLESS SOULS INTO SAVAGE SNARLING INSTRUMENTS OF MURDER? THAT EVEN MADE DUSTY LUST FOR THE SHIELD'S BLOOD?!

by IRV NOVICK

SWELL DAY FOR
A WALK, DUSTY!
LET'S GO DOWN
TO THE ZOO,
AND WATCH
"APO"



GOOD IDEA!
THAT GORILLA'S
ALWAYS A
GOOD SHOW!

BOY, QUITE
A CROWD
COLLECTED
IN FRONT OF
HIS CAGE
TODAY!



YEAH! GUESS
A LOT OF OTHER
PEOPLE HAD
THE SAME
IDEA!

HAW, HAW...
LOOK AT APO
PLAYING
WITH THE
CROWD! AIN'T
HE A RIOT,
JOE??

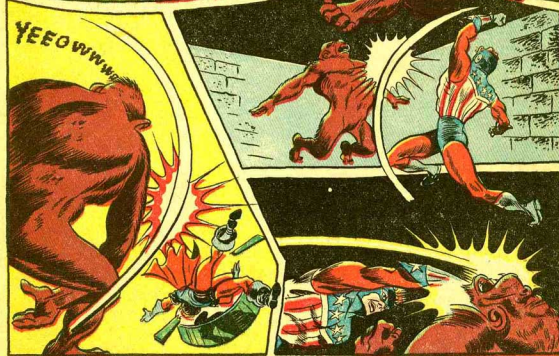
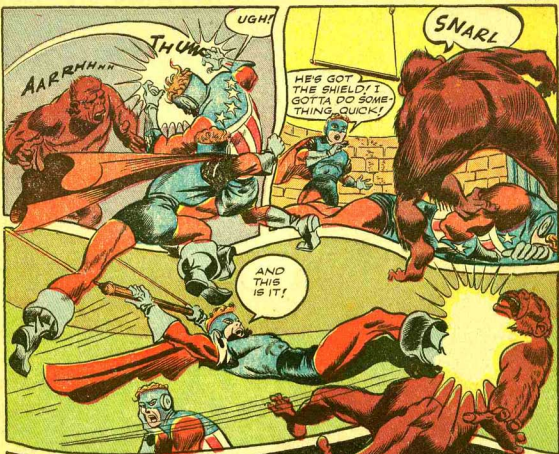


SUDDENLY THE
CLUMSY, LOVABLE APE
LOSES HIS GRIP ON THE
TRAPEZE, AND COMES
CRASHING DOWN...











NOW, LET'S
HAVE A LOOK
AT THAT POOR
KEEPER!

IT'S SAFE TO
GO IN NOW,
DOC!

THANKS,
I'LL HAVE
A LOOK AT
YOUR UN-
FORTUNATE
FELLOW-KEEPER!

I'M DR. RITCHIE!
I WAS ONE OF THE SPECTATORS
WHEN THIS TERRIBLE THING
HAPPENED!

HMM... NO
HEART BEAT!

YOU MEAN
HE'S...

YES HE'S
DEAD ALLRIGHT!
TOO BAD THAT
APE HAS
ALMOST TORN
HIM TO SHREDS!

IT'S HARD TO
BELIEVE,
THAT APO.
WHO'S ALWAYS
BEEN SO
AMABLE SHOULD
HAVE DONE
THIS!

I DON'T THINK
THERE'S
MUCH YOU
CAN DO FOR
THIS POOR
GUY DOC!

AFTER THE DOCTOR LEAVES
THE CASE, DUSTY'S KEEN
EYE SPOTS SOMETHING...

IT'S DOC. RITCHIE'S
INSTRUMENT CASE!
HIS NAME AND
ADDRESS ARE
ON IT!

RETURN
IT TO HIM
OF COURSE!
C'MON!!

WELL!
WHAT'RE
WE GONNA
DO WITH
IT??



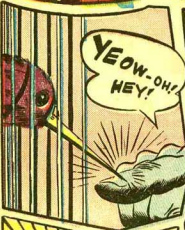
IS DR. RITCHIE IN?

(GULP) THE SHIELD! ER... YES! WON'T YOU COME IN??

THANKS, VERY MUCH FOR RETURNING THIS! STUPID OF ME TO HAVE FORGOTTEN IT!!

THAT'S OKAY, DOC!

WELL WHADDA YOU KNOW? THIS BIRD LOOKS EXACTLY LIKE THE ONE THAT ANNOYED APO!



BUT SUDDENLY, A WILD GLEAM LIGHTS DUSTY'S EYES... AND HIS FACE BECOMES A TWISTED THING OF HATE!!

...AND VICIOUSLY, HE FLINGS HIMSELF AT THE DUMBFOUNDED SHIELD...



I'LL KILL YOU,
SHIELD.. I'LL
KILL YOU!

DUSTY!.. WHAT'S COME OVER YOU?
SNAP OUT OF IT WILL
YOU?!

SORRY, LAD!..
BUT I'VE
GOT TO
DO THIS..
FOR YOUR
SAKE!!

DUSTY, LAD!
SPEAK TO ME!
ARE YOU ALL
RIGHT?!

THANK
HEAVEN! HE'S
COMING TO! THAT
SOCK JOLTED HIM
BACK TO HIS
SENSES!

I'M OKAY NOW
SHIELD BUT I.. I
WENT CRAZY RIGHT
AFTER THAT
BIRD BIT ME!

SUFFERING
BASSAFRAS!..
APO GOT
WILD TOO, AFTER
A BIRD BIT HIM..
THE SAME KIND
THAT NIPPED
DUSTY!

C'MON DUSTY
WE'RE GOING
BACK TO THE
DOC'S PLACE!

DOC'S NOT
HOME EH?
WELL WHERE
IS HE??

THAT SIR
IS NONE
OF YOUR
BUSINESS!
GOOD NIGHT!

IT'LL BE A BAD
NIGHT FOR YOU
IF YOU DON'T
START TALKING..
AND FAST!!



AT THE MORGAN MANSION...





OH YES, THERE IS... YOU FORGET
THAT A ZOO-KEEPER
WAS KILLED AS A
GUINEA PIG IN
YOUR EXPERIMENT
!!

BEFORE YOU TURN THIS
SKUNK OVER TO THE
POLICE, I'D LIKE
A LITTLE PRIVACY
WITH HIM SHIELD!

HMM...
I GUESS
YOU'RE
ENTITLED
TO IT AT
THAT!!

NEXT DAY...

ANSWER THE
DOOR-BELL
WILL YOU
DUSTY??

O.K.!

EXCUSE,
SEÑOR I LEEVE
NEXT DOOR!
WOULD YOU TAKE
CARE OF MY PET
FOR A LEEETLE
WHILE?

GLAD
TO!
WHERE
IS IT??

GRACIAS,
SEÑOR! HERE
EET...

A BIRD!

DIABLE!
EES THEES
THE GOOD
NEIGHBOR
POLICY?

WHO WAS
IT, DUSTY?

WHEW! HUH?
OH JUST
SOME
PEDDLER!

SLAM

THE LATEST GREATEST ARCHIE COMICS
OF THEM ALL IS ON SALE RIGHT NOW! GET YOUR
COPY OF ARCHIE NO. 5 WHILE YOU CAN....

Cartfish Joe

By LARRY HARRIS

HEY!
YO BUSTED
HIS NOSE
CLEAN OFF!

YOU REMEMBER THAT AS A FAVOR TO MISTER PUFFER, THE CARETAKER, JOE CHOPPED A TREE OFF THE NOSE OF COLONEL BUNGSNORT'S GREAT MOUNTAIN CARVING —

THE ROOTS OF THAT TREE HAD CRACKED TH' ROCK AN' WHEN I STARTED CHOPPIN'—**BINGO**—DOWN SHE WENT!

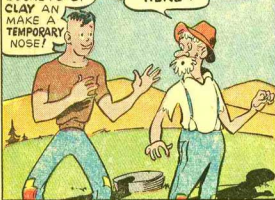
AN' YOUNG ALVIN BUNGSNORT'S A-COMIN' OUT FROM TH' CITY T'DAY TO SEE IF I BEEN DOIN' A GOOD JOB O' CARETAKIN' ON HIS GRAN'PAPPY'S STACHOO!

HE'S GONNA BE POWERFULL UPSET WHEN HE SEES WHAT'S HAPPENED AN' I RECKON I'LL BE PLUMB OUTTA A JOB!

H-M-M! MEBBE WE KIN FIX THAT NOSE!

HUH! IT'D TAKE A PASSEL O' STEAM ENGINES
T' YANK THAT CHUNK O'
ROCK OUTTA TH' RIVER
AN HIST IT BACK UP
HERE!

BUT MEBBE WE
COULD HIST UP
BUCKETS OF
CLAY AN
MAKE A
TEMPORARY
NOSE!



YOU MUST
BE TETCHED!
IT WOULDN'T
LAST NO
LONGER
THAN TH'
FIRST RAIN
STORM!

IT WOULDN'T HAFTA! YOU
SAID YOUNG BUNGSNORT
ONLY COMES OUT HERE EVERY
FIVE YEARS SO IF IT LOOKS
ALL RIGHT TODAY YER JOB'S
GOOD FER
A LONG
TIME!



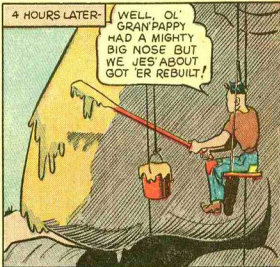
H-M-M!
IT SOUNDS
CRAZY
BUT WE
CAIN'T BE
SHOT FER
TRYIN!

THEN WE
BETTER
GIT STARTED
RIGHT
AWAY!



4 HOURS LATER-

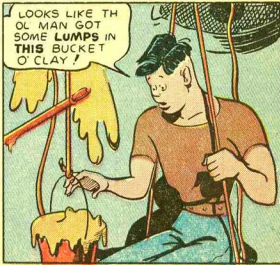
WELL, OL'
GRAN'PAPPY
HAD A MIGHTY
BIG NOSE BUT
WE JES'ABOUT
GOT 'ER REBUILT!



GOLLY, IT SEEMS LIKE I SHOVELED
UP ENOUGH MUD T PLASTER TH'
WHOLE SIDE O' TH MOUNTAIN!



LOOKS LIKE TH
OL MAN GOT
SOME LUMPS
IN
THIS BUCKET
O' CLAY!



**TAITER
HEAD!**

WHAT TH'!? **OL' CROW!**
HOW IN HECK DID YOU
GIT IN THAR?

I'LL PUT YA
HERE IN GRAN-
PAPPY'S EYE! IF
YOU TRIED TO
FLY NOW YOU'D
FALL LIKE A
ROCK!

STILL LATER-

I RECKON
SHE'S ALL
FINISHED, MR. PUFFER! I'M
A-COMIN' DOWN ON TH'
ROPE!

BY GOLLIE'S SON,
YER A **GEENYUSS!**
I BET TH' **OL'**
COLONEL HISSSELF
COULDN'T TELL
THAT NOSE
FROM TH' REAL
ONE!

SHUCKS!
'TAINT
NOTHIN'!

RECKON I'D
BETTER BE
HEADIN' FER **HOME!**
MEBBE YOU KIN TELL
ME TH' WAY TO
MUDCAT, MISSISSIPPI?

I NEVER
HEERD O'
MUDCAT
BUT I S'PECT
MISSISSIPPI
MUS' BE T'
TH' SOUTH!

AT THIS MOMENT A CAR IS AP-
PROACHING BUNGSNORT MOUNTAIN!

HOW **THRILLING!**
TO HAVE YOUR
OWN GRAND-
FATHER'S FACE
CARVED ON THE
SIDE OF A
MOUNTAIN!

WELL,
NATURALLY WE
BUNGSNORTS **DO**
FEEL RATHER
PROUD!

GRANDFATHER
WAS QUITE A
HANDSOME OLD
GENT! FOLKS
SAY I RESEMBLE
HIM AROUND
THE NOSE!

GOODNESS!
I CAN HARD-
LY WAIT TO
SEE IT!

OH DEAR -
IT'S **THUNDERING!**
WE'D BETTER
STOP AND
PUT THE
TOP UP!

NO - WE'VE
GOT TO HURRY!
ONCE THE **CLOUDS**
SETTLE WE WON'T
BE ABLE TO
SEE THE FACE!



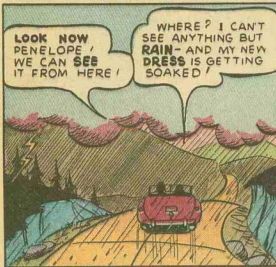
GET READY NOW! WE'LL SEE
IT FROM THE TOP OF THE NEXT
HILL!

BUT **ALVIN!**
IT'S STARTING
TO **RAIN!**



LOOK NOW
PENELOPE!
WE CAN **SEE**
IT FROM HERE!

WHERE? I CAN'T
SEE ANYTHING BUT
RAIN! AND MY NEW
DRESS IS GETTING
SOAKED!



DOGGONE IT! THOSE THUNDER CLOUDS
HAVE COVERED IT! NOW WE'LL HAVE
TO WAIT UNTIL THE **STORM** IS OVER!

BUT I DON'T WANT
TO WAIT! I'M COLD
AND **WET** AND MY
CLOTHES WILL BE
RUINED!



BUT GRANDPA IS AT HIS
BEST WITH THE **THUNDER**
CLOUDS CURLING OVER
HIS BROW!

I'D LIKE TO
CURL A COUPLE
OVER YOUR BROW!



YOU'LL FORGET ABOUT
THE RAIN WHEN YOU
SEE THIS MAGNIFICENT
SPECTACLE!

RIGHT NOW I'D
SETTLE FOR A
LEAKY UMBRELLA!



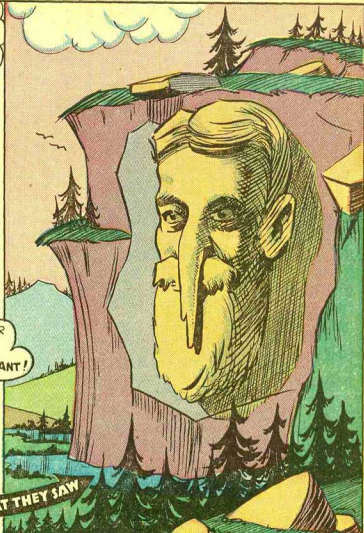
IT'S BEGINNING TO
CLEAR! NOW WATCH
RIGHT OVER THERE!
AND DON'T FORGET
TO NOTICE THE
MAJESTIC BUNGSNORT
NOSE!

KACHOO!
THIS
BETTER
BE
GOOD!



THERE IT IS!
LOOK!
A-W-W-K!

HA! YOUR
GRANDPA
MUST BE
PART ELEPHANT!



JOE IS HEADIN' HOME -

WONDER HOW FAR
IT IS TO MUDCAT?
ME AN' OL CROW
WILL SURE BE GLAD
T' GIT HOME!



OH OH! I LEFT OL CROW
PARKED BACK THAR IN
GRANPA BUNGSNORT'S
EYE!



HE CAINT FLY WITH HIS FEATHERS FULL O' MUD! I'LL HAFTA GO RIGHT BACK AN GIT HIM!



CAW-HAW!
TAITERHEAD!
TAITERHEAD!

OL' CROW
HOW'D YOU
EVER GIT HERE?

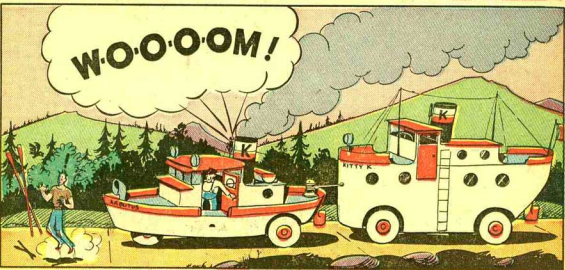


CAW-HAW-
HAW-HAW!

OH, I SEE!
TH' RAIN WASHED
TH' MUD OUTTA
YORE FEATHERS!
I'M SHORE GLAD
I DON'T HAFTA
CLIMB BACK UP
THAR AFTER YA!



W.O.O.O.O.M!



GOLLY, OL' CROW, I
SHORE HOPE I WAKE
UP AN' FIND THIS IS A
DREAM 'CAUSE IF IT
HAINT I 'SPECT I'M
PLUM' OUTTA MY MIND!



IT'S NO DREAM, JOE, AN' YOU HAINT
LOSIN' YORE MIND! YOU'VE JEST
COME FACE T' FACE WITH OL' CAPN
KEEL AN' HIS LAND-GOIN TUG-BOAT!
BUT JEST WAIT TILL YOU GO INTO
ACTION IN NEX' MONTH'S "PEP"!
YOU HAINT SEEN NOTHIN' YET!

Hi GANG —



I WANNA THANK YOU ALL FER SENDIN' IN SO
MANY SWELL NAMES FER MY TALKIN' CROW!
I FINALLY DECIDED T' PICK "GABBY" FER HIS
NAME 'CAUSE IT SEEMS T' JUST FIT HIM!
I AM SENDIN' PICTURES OF ME AN' TH'
CROW TO TH' THREE OF YOU WHO SUG-
GESTED THAT NAME:

DIANE CARROLL, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

GEORGE WOLFE, HAMMOND, INDIANA

ALFRED DU BOIS, 1356 EAST 169TH ST.

(I DON'T KNOW TH' NAME OF ALFRED'S

CITY SO I'M HOLDING HIS PICTURE

TILL I HEAR FROM HIM)

YOURS TROOLY,

Catfish Joe
an' Gabby

CAW
HAW!

CAPTAIN COMMANDO

and the
BOY
SOLDIERS

WE
DEDICATE THIS
TALE TO AN UNSUNG
HERO! THE
WAR
CORRESPONDENT

*Very, very
Sincerely
Capt. Commando
& the Boy Soldiers*

FINAL
VOL. 60 NO. 364

CRIB



THIS IS A TALE OF A WAR HERO! HE DOESN'T WEAR A UNIFORM OR
EVEN CARRY A GUN! HIS WEAPONS ARE WORDS! HE NEVER WON A MEDAL AL-
THOUGH HIS VALOR IS BEYOND THE CALL OF DUTY! HIS NAME HAPPENS TO BE
NEWELL NORTON! BUT WE'RE MUCH PROUDER OF THE NAME - WAR CORRESPONDENT!

OUR STORY BEGINS WHERE MOST STORIES END--IN A GRAVEYARD! CAPTAIN COMMANDO AND THE BOY SOLDIERS ARE DIGGING A SIMPLE SHALLOW GRAVE--

ALL RIGHT, FLATBUSH, HAND ME THE TYPEWRITER!



CAP, IS-- IS IT OKAY IF--IF I SAY A FEW WORDS OVER DAT GRAVE?

I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN! GO AHEAD, FLATBUSH!



WHAT'S THIS! A TYPEWRITER BEING BURIED?!

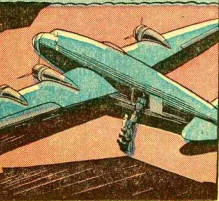
SO LONG, NEWSY NORTON! WE KNOW YOU'D WANT IT THIS WAY!



NEWSY, WHEREVER YOUSE ARE, I--I WANT YOUSE TO KNOW I'M SORRY FER THE HEE! I BEEN! YOUSE WUZ A BETTER MAN DAN I'LL EVER BE! 'LONG, PAL! WE'LL KEEP PUNCHIN'-- FER YOUSE!



WHAT IS THE STORY BEHIND THIS STRANGE SCENE? A EULOGY OVER A TYPEWRITER? THE ANSWER IS OUR TALE! A TALE WELL WORTH REPEATING! IT ALL BEGAN WITH A ROUTINE COMMANDO FORAY--



HEY WAIT A MINUTE! YOU GUYS GOT YOURSELF A GUEST! YOURS TRULY NEWSY NORTON!



OFF INTO THE NIGHT ROARS THE PLANE BEARING ITS CARGO OF SUPERBLY TRAINED NAZI DEATH-DEALERS ---



MY PAPER ASSIGNED ME TO COVER ONE OF YOUR RAIDS, CAPTAIN COMMANDO! HOW MANY ARMIES WE GONNA WIPE OUT TONIGHT?

LOOK HERE, NORTON! WE'RE HERE TO DO A JOB - NOT GET PUBLICITY!



IF YA ASK ME, CAP, DAT GUY'S JOB IS JUST ANNUDDER WAY TO DODGE DE DRAFT!

NO-BODY ASKED YOU, UGLY!



HERE! CUT OUT THIS SQUABBLING YOU TWO!

WHY, I'LL..



YOU OUGHT TO KNOW BETTER FLATBUSH! LAY OFF NORTON! HE'S GOT HIS JOB AND WE'VE GOT OURS!

AH OKAY CAP!



YOU'VE GOT AN OFFICIAL PASS TO ACCOMPANY US, BUT IF YOU'VE GOT ANY GLAMOROUS IDEAS ABOUT HEADLINES YOU'LL SOON LEARN DIFFERENTLY!



WHY, YA SAWED OFF SHRIMP FER TWO CENTS I'D PIN YER EARS BACK!

IZZASSO, YOU REFUGE FROM A REFORM SCHOOL! THE BIGGEST NEWS ON THIS TRIP IS THEY GOT YOU FOR A MASCOT INSTEAD OF A BULLDOG!



PREPARE YOUR MEN CAPTAIN COMMANDO! WE'RE OVER OUR OBJECTIVE!



OKAY, LADS!
LET'S
RIDE!



C E R O N I M O



SO FAR, SO
GOOD! ALL
SEEM TO BE
PRESENT
AND ACCOUNT-
ED FOR!



ONE MORE
COMIN'
DOWN...
CAP! AND--
AND-- HOLY
COW!

LOOK
WHAT
HE'S
DOING!



BOY! WOTTA
YARN! EX-
PERIENCE
OF A PA-
RACHUTE JUMP
FRESH OFF THE
GRIDDLE! I'LL GET
A BONUS FOR
THIS!

CAP! DAT GUYS JUST
A PLAIN JOIK! WHY
DONT WE LEAVE
'EM BEHIND!

QUIET
FLATBUSH!



I HEARD THAT
YOU-- YOU BRAT!
NOBODY'S LEAVING
ME BEHIND SEE!

NOBODY-- 'CAPTIN
YERSELF! WAITLL DE
GOIN' GITS HOT
YOU'LL FOLD UP
LIKE AN ACCORDION!

COME ON,
BOYS! NO TIME
TO WASTE! ON
TO OUR OBJECT-
IVE... THE
AIRPORT!

A GHOST IN THE NIGHT! AN
AGILE SURE-FOOTED TIMELESS
GHOST! A GHOST WHO STALKS
THROUGH THE SHADOWS AS
EASILY AS THE NORMAL MAN
MIGHT CROSS A STREET IN
DAYLIGHT-- THIS IS A
COMMANDO!

(PUFF) CAN'T
KEEP UP
WITH 'EM!
(PUFF) THOSE
GUYS AINT
HUMAN!

OWOOO!
WHAT
NEXT--

WHAT TH--

GA!!*GK!!
I WOULD STEP
INTO A HOLE!

BUT NEWSY GAMELY PERSISTS IN HIS
LABORIOUS EFFORTS TO KEEP UP
WITH THE COM-
MANDOS!

OOOO--MY
MOTHER WARNED
ME NOT TO BE-
COME A RE-
PORTER!

MEANWHILE, THE
COMMANDOS SIGHT
THEIR OBJECTIVE--

DOWN,
EVERY-
BODY!

GET SET FOR ACTION,
MEN! IS EVERYBODY
HERE?

EVERYBODY,
'CEPTIN' DAT
NOISY
NORTON!

I
KNEW
HE'D FOLD
WHEN DE
PRESSURE
WUZ ON! HE'S
PROBABLY FOUND
HISSELF A NICE
COMFORTABLE
HIDE-OUT!

OKAY, LAOS!

CHARGE!





MIRACULOUSLY, NEWSY RUNS, UNSCATHED THRU
A HAIL OF DEATH-----



---AND AS THE COMMANDOS WATCH BREATHLESSLY,
WAITING FOR THE GRENADES TO EXPLODE, NEWSY
DARTS INTO THE HANGAR, AND-----



BACK IN ENGLAND
THE NEXT DAY--



YOU AND YOUR MEN HAVE
FULFILLED YOUR MISSION
NOBLY, CAPT. COMMANDO!



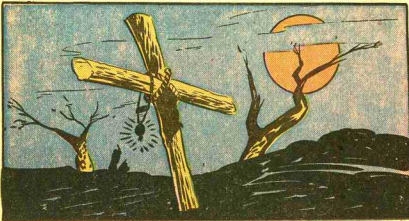
IT IS MY PLEASURE TO BE-
STOW ON YOU THE HIGH-
EST DECORATION OF THE
LAND!

THANK
YOU, SIR!

THIS THEN IS
THE STORY
BEHIND THE
BURYING OF
THE TYPE-
WRITER! NOW
LET US RE-
TURN TO THE
GRAVEYARD
WITH CAPTAIN
COMMANDO
AND THE BOY
SOLDIER!

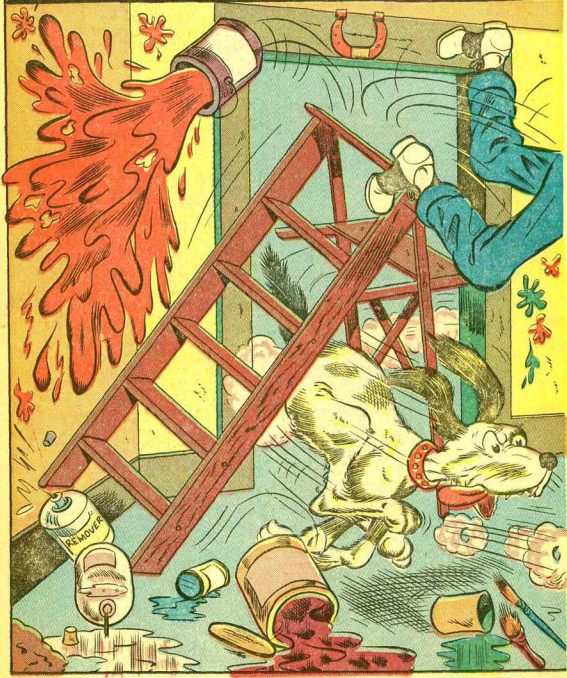


I'M GOING TO GIVE THIS THING TO
YOU NEWSY, THE GUY IT REALLY
BELONGS TO!



WE JOIN WITH YOU
CAPTAIN COMMANDO
IN EXTENDING A
TRIBUTE TO
NEWSY NORTON
WHO HAD ANOTHER
NAME HE WAS
MUCH PROUDER OF,
**WAR
CORRESPON-
DENT!**

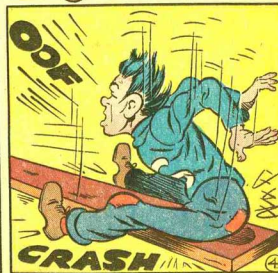
Archie



THE PAINTER









GOSH, JUGHEAD,
THE PAINT
SPILLED OVER
MY POP'S
GOOD SUIT!

I'M
BEGINNING
TO THINK
WE SHOULD-
N'T HAVE
STARTED THIS!

I'LL TRY SOME
OF THIS PAINT
REMOVER THAT
OUGHT TO
HELP!

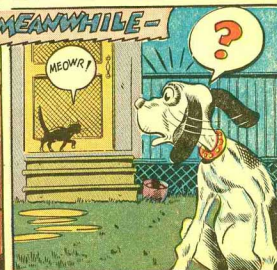


YIPE!

THAT MUST BE
PANTS REMOVER!
LOOK AT THOSE
HOLES!!

WOW! HOW'M
I GONNA EX-
PLAIN THIS TO
POP?

YOU COULD
BLAME THE
MOTHS!



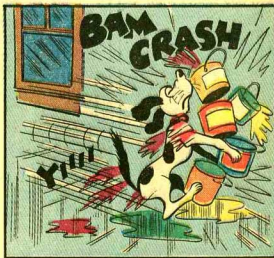
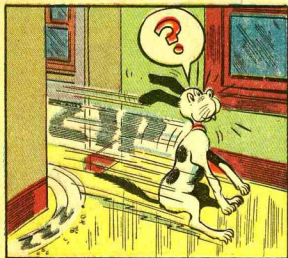
LET'S TRY
THE UPSTAIRS..
WE MAY HAVE
BETTER LUCK
I HOPE!

AT LEAST WE'VE
GOT THESE FLOORS
PAINTED

MEANWHILE-

MEOWR!

?





OWAH!

WHAT'S BEEN GOIN' ON, HERE??



YEOW!



HEY ARCH! TURN ON TH' LIGHTS!!



P-R-R-R-R

POP!



GOOD LORD! DID A CYCLONE HIT THIS PLACE?



C'MON, MOTHER WE'RE GOING TO GET A ROOM AT A HOTEL IN TOWN!

NOW DON'T GET EXCITED, DEAR ARCHIE WAS ONLY TRY- IN TO BE HELPFUL!



I WANT A NICE CLEAN ROOM. DO YOU HAVE ONE?

YES, SIR JUST WHAT YOU WANT!



AS A MATTER OF FACT, IT'S JUST BEEN PAINTED! WHAT... WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH HIM?

ARE YOU ARCHIE'S PAL? THEN SIT RIGHT DOWN AND WRITE A LETTER TO WJZ, N.Y.C. AND TELL HIM HOW MUCH YOU LIKE HIS BROADCASTS.

li'l chief Bugaloo

SHHHH...
FIDO! HERE'S
A SWELL SHOT
AT A TURKEY!
UMMM!!

DAVE
HIGGINS

WATCH THIS
SHOT, FIDO!



YEE-OH



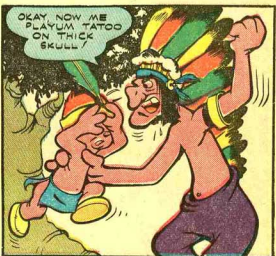
DID YOU DO
THAT??



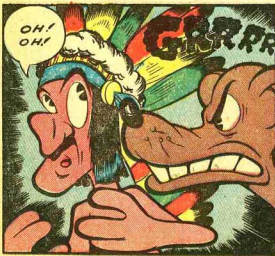
WELL... ER... YOU
SEE... GULP!
AH... ER...
YES!!



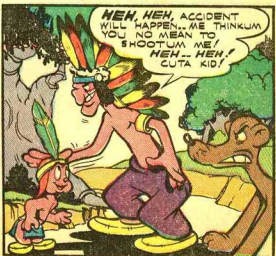
OKAY NOW ME
PLAYUM TATOO
ON THICK
SKULL!



OH!
OH!

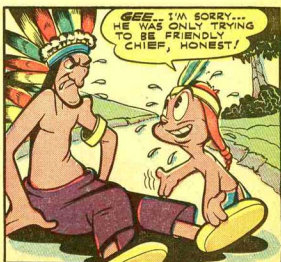
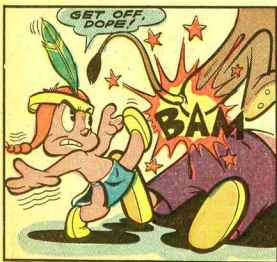
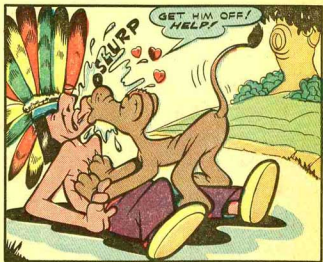
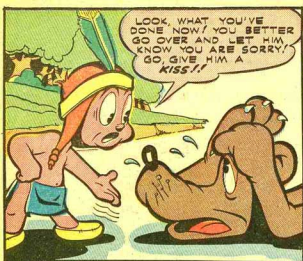


HEH, HEH, ACCIDENT
WILL HAPPEN... ME THINKUM
YOU NO MEAN TO
SHOOTUM ME!
HEH... HEH!
CUTA KID!











GENIES DON'T KILL

by Maurice Howard

"SHE sat up all night with her husband's corpse," Sergeant Duffy explained. "An' this morning they found her dead."

"I'll take a look," Cone said.

The body of old Mrs. Livingston sat slumped in a chair beside the coffin—a thin little wisp of woman, almost lost in a billowing black taffeta dress. Her head dangled sidewise. Her eyes were closed, as though during this night-long, loving vigil beside her dead husband, she had fallen quietly into eternal sleep.

"So what killed her?" Sergeant Duffy said. "That's what we want to know. Mr. Cone. Doc Carter says her health was okay. People don't just die of a broken heart, you know."

"What her husband died of," Cone said. "might have something to do with it."

"He died of lobar pneumonia," the Sergeant retorted. "He might have pulled through at that, but he got cramps the last day or two."

"Cramps," Cone said. "are especially interesting."

Voices in the hall sounded behind them. "That's the relatives," Sergeant Duffy explained. "Two grandsons—they're cousins. An' a grand niece. An' there's the housekeeper. She discovered the old woman's body, about seven this morning. You want to question 'em?"

"I'll talk to them," Cone said.

But instead, he moved into the shrouded room, tall and silent, gazing down at the dead face in the coffin; and at the face of the dead woman in the chair where now a thin shaft of light from an edge of a window blind was striking to show that her bloodless lips were parted as though with a faint smile of contentment that she had gone to join her husband.

Strange detective who had no theories, few questions to ask, and who just seemed to stand staring, with the sides of his thin patrician nose dilating like the nostrils of an impatient, quivering race horse.

"The relatives," Sergeant Duffy prompted, "might be worth your attention, Mr. Cone. There's a sweet inheritance, what I hear. All share alike. An' the old housekeeper—she

gets ten grand or so for a legacy."

"I'll talk to them now," Cone said. "I wonder if they're interested in Hindu magic."

The relatives were all tense, exceedingly nervous, excited. Shocked by the tragedy, of course. Surely no one, appraising them now, could have selected one of them to be guilty of a double murder. The two grandsons seemed both under thirty: John Livingston—slim, handsome, with wavy tousled black hair and a face aristocratic, as his dead grandfather's—a face grim and strained now, with thin pale lips that tried to smile as he shook Cone's hand. And there was his cousin, Peter Rance—short and round and plump, with sparse pale hair plastered dankly on his beaded forehead.

The girl—Ann Livingston—was a little frightened brown dove, clinging to the hand of the middle-aged housekeeper who sat beside her. All of them were frightened, as the members of any household would be with mysterious tragedy suddenly striking, and with a bullying Police Sergeant obviously anxious to fasten murder upon them.

"Do we have to go all over it again?" the handsome John Livingston protested.

"Not with me," Cone said. "Sergeant Duffy is puzzled by the death of Mrs. Livingston."

"Why wouldn't I be?" Duffy demanded.

"You would," Cone agreed. "Hindu magic is very puzzling. No one can understand it."

The housekeeper—gaunt and dour—involuntarily shifted her chair with a rasp which was startling in the tense silence. She was gazing blankly at Cone. All of them blankly stared.

"What's that mean?" the fat little Peter Rance stammered. "Who said anything about Hindu magic?"

"I did," Cone said. "I've been up the Ganges. India is very interesting. Do you suppose old Mr. Livingston was interested in Oriental occultism by any chance?"

John Livingston said: "Yes, he was. Grandfather lived in India, years ago. As a matter of fact, he met grandmother in Benares. They were married there."

"Then she believed in Hindu magic, also?"
"An' it frightened her," the housekeeper said with a sudden breathless burst.

"I've heard," Cone said, "that a djinn is generally a beneficent sort of fellow. Nobody should be afraid of a djinn."

There was no one smiling. They all looked as though they were shuddering.

"Well I don't get any of this," Sergeant Duffy declared.

"We're thinking," Cone said, "that a djinn—a genie you know—may have appeared miraculously to Mrs. Livingston, last night at her vigil over her dead husband."

"And frightened her to death?" Duffy demanded. "Now say, listen——"

"I wish we could summon him tonight," Cone said. "Maybe he was there and saw what happened, who knows? I wish we could summon him and make him tell us. Let's try it, shall we?"

"You'll have an autopsy on both bodies?" Cone suggested, when presently he and the Sergeant were again alone.

"Sure. But the devil of it, Doc Carter had to go to Albany. He'll be back tomorrow and perform the autopsies then."

"Arsenic is apt to give you cramps," Cone said.

Cone nodded. "Doc an' I both thought of that. But the old woman——"

"Didn't die of cramps. Quite true, Sergeant. Let's see what the djinn says tonight—if we can summon him."

"Mr. Cone, listen," Duffy pleaded. "Are you kiddin' me?"

"I never was more serious," Cone said.

The big hall clock was chiming midnight. There were two occupied coffins now in the little room—coffins with candle-light flickering eerily on them, flickering on the two dead faces and on the drawn faces of the living who sat silently beside them.

Only Cone was on his feet, his tall lean figure painted by the candlelight which cast multiple shadows of him monstrously shifting on the walls as he moved. It was as though in the silent breathless little room, only he and his shadows were alive.

"I'll close the door," he said softly. "If we get that djinn out of his hair, no need to let him escape."

Cone was building a small charcoal fire in

the brazier now; and then from a desk in the room corner he came with brown-black sticks of incense.

"The Hindu legend as I've heard it," he was saying softly, "is that if you burn this over one who has died, the djinn imprisoned within it will come out. Did Mr. Livingston ever tell you that?"

No one answered. Then the handsome poetic-looking young John Livingston responded:

"Yes, something like that. Grandfather always said he wanted this incense burned in the brazier beside him when he had died."

"Because the djinn would come to soothe his troubled, departing spirit," Cone said.

"Mrs. Livingston promised to do it," the housekeeper said suddenly. "But it frightened her."

Redolent blue-black wisps of vapour were rising now from the big brazier as Cone ignited the incense, dropping a bundle of the little sticks on the charcoal fire.

"Come on djinn, let's have a look at you," Cone jibed. "Don't be afraid of us."

"This is crazy," young Livingston suddenly was muttering. "This is——"

His words were stricken away as a chair clattered. On his feet Peter Rance stood trembling, his rotund face suddenly ashen.

"I don't—like this," he gasped. And then he broke. "You fools—we've got to get out of here. We'll be dead, all of us! Get that door and window open—you idiots—don't you feel queer already?" He was staggering on his feet, wildly terrified, in a panic rushing for the door; but the bulky Sergeant Duffy shoved him back.

"You're ruining everything," Cone said.

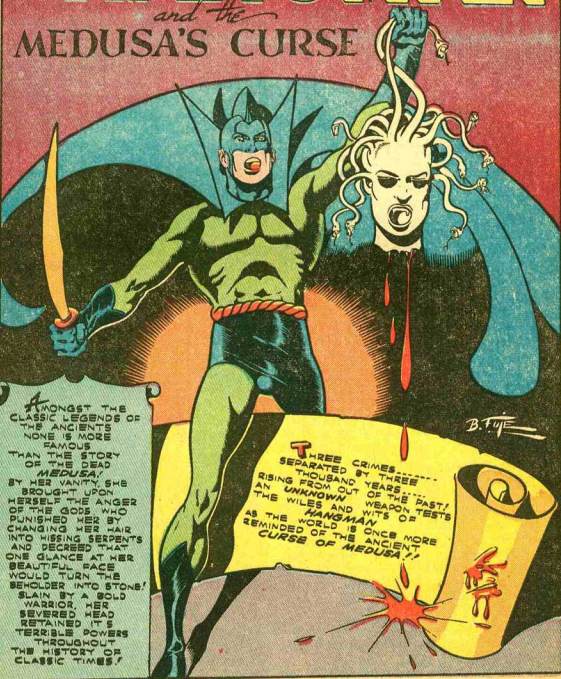
"Am I? Am I? That—what you—you don't know—that's arsenic burning in that incense! The fumes of it—we'll be wafted off into death in another minute. Get us out of here, I tell you! Let me out—can't you feel your head reeling already?"

"That's terror and guilty imagination making you reel," Cone said. "That's your murderer, Sergeant. The fumes of burning arsenic are a nasty lethal dose in a small close room like this. He thinks I'm burning the incense he gave old Mrs. Livingston to burn last night."

Cone was faintly smiling now. "Fortunately, I'm not," he said.

The HANGMAN

and the MEDUSA'S CURSE



AMONGST THE
CLASSIC LEGENDS OF
THE ANCIENTS
NONE IS MORE
FAMOUS
THAN THE STORY
OF THE DEAD
MEDUSA!
BY HER VANITY, SHE
BROUGHT UPON
HERSELF THE ANGER
OF THE GODS WHO
PUNISHED HER BY
CHANGING HER HAIR
INTO HISSING SERPENTS
AND DECREED THAT
ONE GLANCE AT HER
BEAUTIFUL FACE
WOULD TURN THE
BEHOLDER INTO STONE!
SLAIN BY A BOLD
WARRIOR, HER
SEVERED HEAD
RETAINED ITS
TERRIBLE POWERS
THROUGHOUT
THE HISTORY OF
CLASSIC TIMES!

THREE CRIMES-----
SEPARATED BY THREE
THOUSAND YEARS.....
RISING FROM OUT OF THE PAST!
AN **UNKNOWN** WEAPON TESTS
THE WILES AND WITS OF
HANGMAN
AS THE WORLD IS ONCE MORE
REMINDED OF THE ANCIENT
CURSE OF MEDUSA!!

B. F. J. E.

DIM LIGHTS... SHADOWS LURKING ON THE WATERFRONT. THE SQUEAL OF GRINDING BRAKES...



SUDDENLY...

THE EXCURSION ISN'T RUNNING TONIGHT, KID!

TH... THE HANGMAN!



A PERFECT SCORE, DERBY! WE KNOCKED OFF A JEWELRY STORE, AND ESCAPED THE HANGMAN IN THE SAME NIGHT!!

WHAT NOW, LENNY?



NOW, I'M GONNA VISIT MY OLD MAN, HE'S LONESOME FOR HIS WANDERING BOY !!

HOW TOUCHIN' WANT ME ALONG TO CASE THE JOINT FER YOU, KID??



NAH! THE OLD COOT'S POOR AS A CHURCH MOUSE! WONDER WHAT HE MEANS BY THIS TELEGRAM?

MY OLD MAN'S A PROFESSOR, DERBY! AN ARCHAEOLOGIST!

WHO CARES! WHAT'S DIS MEDUSA'S COISE BUSINESS?

I DON'T KNOW, BUT IT DOESN'T HURT TO FIND OUT! I'LL GO SEE HIM BEFORE HE CROAKS!

WESTERN TELEGRAPH

AM DYING BECAUSE OF MEDUSA'S CURSE! STOP COME HOME AT ONCE STOP MUST TELL YOU THE STORY STOP IF YOU EVER HAD A SPARK OF DECEN IN YOU IT'S YOUR CHANCE TO PROVE IT STOP

FATHER



LATER...

AH, THERE YOU ARE, LEONARD, AND NOT A MOMENT TOO SOON!!

I CAME SOON AS I GOT HIS TELEGRAM, DOC!



HAS MY SON, LEONARD COME YET, NURSE?

HERE I AM, DAD!



YOU'RE *BAD* LEONARD! ALWAYS WERE! BUT YOU'RE THE *ONLY* ONE WHO CAN SAVE MY SOUL... AND YOUR OWN TOO!!

STOP JABBERING, WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND?



THIS WILL SOUND FANTASTIC, BUT IT'S *TRUE*. YOU KNOW THE REPUTATION I ONCE HAD AS AN ARCHAEOLOGIST! I HAD MANY FRIENDS AND *ENEMIES*!



"IT WAS A BITTER RIVAL, WHO SENT ME THE MOST ASTOUNDING FIND ANY ARCHAEOLOGIST EVER POSSESSED!"

THE DOORBELL, NICHOLS!! I'LL ANSWER IT, SIR!





YOU... YOU MUST DESTROY IT FOR... FOR ME / P... PROMISE ME L... LEONARD... AAAAHHH...

HE'S DEAD!



A SHORT TIME LATER... SO, *THIS* IS THE MEDUSA'S HEAD! WHAT A CRAZY YARN! THE OLD GUY MUST HAVE GONE NUTS IN HIS OLD AGE !!



SO, YA FINALLY GOT BACK... IS DAT DE OLD MAN'S MAZUMA? WHAT'S YA FINALLY GOT TO YOU? I'M THE BOSS HERE, AND I DON'T ANSWER QUESTIONS!



IZZAT SO? FAT LOT O' GOOD YOUR BOSSIN'S DONE US / DE HANGMAN'S SO HOT ON OUR TAIL, WE CAN'T EVEN TAKE OUR SHOES OFF !!



HOW LONG YA THINK IT'LL BE BEFORE HE NABBS US?

HMM... MM... MM... MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT, DERBY....



.. SURE.. I GUESS YOU OUGHT TO TAKE OVER FOR A WHILE.. GO AHEAD.. TAKE A LOOK AT THAT BOX!



NOW, YOU'RE TALKIN'! KID / MY IDEA IS, TO LAY LOW.. HUH-- WHAT'S *THIS*?



GNNNNNN... IT WORKS! I WON'T BE TROUBLED BY THAT LAME BRAIN ANYMORE !!



SO! THE HANGMAN'S HOT
ON MY TAIL, EH? WELL, I'LL
SEE THAT HE CATCHES UP
WITH ME...AND I KNOW WHERE
HE'S SURE TO LOOK!



THE WILY KILLER RETURNS TO
THE SCENE OF HIS ESCAPE.....

HANGMAN WON'T FORGET
TO CHECK THE CAR FOR
CLUES.....



AND A SHORT WHILE LATER..

..NOT A TRACE OF THEM..
THE KID'S CLEVER BUT
HE MUST HAVE LEFT
SOME CLUE... SAY!
WHO'S THAT?



I'VE GOT
YOU NOW!

DON'T BE A SAP,
HANGMAN.. I'VE BEEN
WAITING FOR YOU!



NO TRICKS NOW!
WHAT ARE YOU
DOING HERE?

I FIGURE I'LL GET
A STEAK IF I GIVE
MYSELF UP!



SEE... I BROUGHT
THE JEWELS BACK..
HERE...



SO YOU'RE
GOING STRAIGHT,
EH? THAT'S
SMART...

YOU DON'T
KNOW YET
HOW
SMART!



I DON'T TRUST HIM.. WONDER
WHAT HE'S UP TO.. WELL,
I MAY AS WELL LOOK
INTO THIS!..

LOOK OUT, HANGMAN! YOU'RE UNWRAPPING YOUR DOOM!!



HARMLESS... AS I
THOUGHT! YET HE
EXPECTED IT TO KILL
ME, AND IT DID
KILL HIM!



YES! THESE LITTLE BARBS
DID IT... I'LL STAKE MY LIFE
THAT THEY'RE POISONED!
BUT BY WHOM? THE KID
WOULD NEVER HAVE
THOUGHT OF IT!!



THE TWENTY YEARS OLD BOX
TELLS ITS FATAL TALE...

PROFESSOR HEMPSTED... HE'S THE
FAMOUS ARCHAEOLOGIST... MAYBE
HE CAN THROW SOME
LIGHT ON THIS!



NEXT DAY...

HANGMAN... THIS
IS QUITE AN
HONOR... WHAT
CAN I DO
FOR YOU?

A LITTLE
PROFESSIONAL
ADVICE
PROFESSOR
HEMPSTED!



I JUST WANTED TO
FIND OUT, IF YOU
KNOW ANYTHING
ABOUT...



...THIS!

E-E-E-EE!
DON'T
TOUCH
ME!



YOU'LL
HANG
FOR
THIS
PROF.
HEMP-
STED!

NO! NO!
I DIDN'T
REALIZE
WHAT I
WAS DOING!
I WAS MAD
WITH
JEALOUSY!
I WANTED TO
BE RID OF
MYERS!!



WAIT! I'LL TELL! IT'S A STONE
STATUE I FOUND IN CRETE!
I PUT A RARE POISON ON THE
SHARP BARBS, HOPING TO KILL
PROFESSOR MYERS, BY
RECREATING THE CURSE
OF MEDUSA!



SOMETHING WENT
WRONG... HE DIDN'T
DIE... BUT IT WAS AL-
MOST AS GOOD! HE
RETIRED AND SINCE
THEN I HAVE HAD
ALL THE HONORS!



MYERS HAS WON
AFTER ALL! THE
CURSE I CREATED
HAS COME BACK
TO HAUNT ME...
BUT I'LL BE FREE
OF IT NOW!



WAIT!
DON'T
JUMP!

HE ESCAPED THE
HANGMAN'S NOOSE!
BUT HE PAID THE
PRICE OF HIS
OWN EVIL! AS
ALL EVIL DOERS
EVENTUALLY
MUST!!



THANKS A MILLION FOR
THAT **SHOWER** OF LETTERS
TO WJZ, THE BLUE NETWORK,
N.Y.C. GANG, TELLING 'EM
HOW MUCH YOU ENJOY LISTEN-
ING TO **ARCHIE ANDREWS!**
JUGHEAD AND I ARE HAPPY
'CAUSE WE'VE MADE YOU
HAPPY. SO KEEP LISTENING,
AND KEEP WRITING!

Archie
COMICS is



MLJ
LEADS the WAY!

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to
TUNE IN
on

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—Joseph Kahnman

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—Robert Cazan

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—Violet Evans



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Inventor of the
"RYTHMAGRAPH"
METHOD

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